


Cashondale Bunk town.  
Pa.

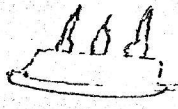
September 25, 1925

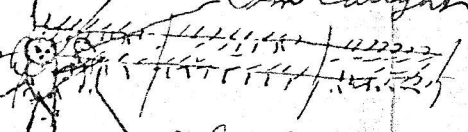
Dear Louise and Elsie

My! but you are slow!! all  
that is happening up this way.

 (supposed to  
be a motorcycle  
imitating Sam  
and Miss Sam.)

What do you think  
about it huh? aren't  
you kind of slow?

Today was Lily Schendle's birthday  
so I took down a  cake with  
three candles on it, and a few peaches.  
Edith went down with me. And  
this is what happened. When we  
were coming home she was coming  
through the fence and

what the matter, Edith  
I'm caught. Ouch, ouch.  
hahahahaha   
me — Edith